

# DELACROIX DEMANDS SHAKESPEARE PUBLICLY



*Hamlet*, oil painting of Delacroix.

Why should I remember Shakespeare's  
birthday? I do not even remember mine!

Shaw

**C**reating characters demands *character*. When Pharisee Paul of Tarsus decided that Nazarene Joseph's son known as Jesus had enough moral and spiritual endowments, our Pharisee ceased to be a Pharisee and became the Apostle Saint Paul, and carpenter Jesus of Nazareth turned into Christ. It is impossible to differentiate artist from his art. As soon as Apostle Paul's creation has gotten millennial worldwide notoriety, he dared to say about his own creation that "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Nietzsche went through a similar process, when he said that "My Zarathustra is the portico I build to comfort and cheer myself up." Certainly, after reading Nietzsche's most famous book, one feels that it is a kind of

Evangelium. Scarcely may we find examples of these sorts: Creators are badly needed nowadays. More than one hundred years ago, DeSanctis complained about the same: "Poets do not believe in their creations any longer." The very examples of this intellectual turpitude denounced by the Italian critic are, for instance, pastor Hegel and professor Renan. The former crafted A Life of Jesus which rightly deserves oblivion. In fact, nobody remembers a syllable of it. The later, a mere scholarly paper entitled Life of Jesus. Neither pastor Hegel nor professor Renan believed in their inventions. Nobody does. The point is that Paul of Tarsus and Friedrich Nietzsche had explored traditions with feverish passion. Well trained in Philosophy and the Mosaic Law, Saint Paul was able to beget a character destined to overturn the History of Mankind. Nietzsche's creation had not had among men so crucial influence as Saint Paul's one had and still has, though both Saint Paul and Nietzsche were martyrs in their own, diverse fate: The former was beheaded in the Coliseum, the latter suffered the modern fashioned form of martyrdom, namely: Indifference. A common ground unites them both though, as I just stated lines above: Feverish passion. People may forgive one's natural abilities, even one's talent, but they shall not forgive by any means one's passion, because *passion is the chemistry of genius*. In the Realm of Thought, passion is not related to any Ophelia. In the Realm of Thought, phraseology "to be or not to be", is a nonsensical nuance, born from a schizophrenic mind. When one's passion is wasted in private detective's obsessions, the result is a meager, empty rhetoric. Modest, knowing his own limitations, and with a clear intellectual objective, Thomas Kyd gave us a Hamlet without flamboyant pretensions. Totally dependent from Saxon Grammaticus, Kyd's account of the prince of Denmark is not an Artwork, and it should not be so, because Kyd accepted the humble destiny of being a chronicler. Long life Thomas Kyd! Has my reader ever been aware that Saint Paul's amanuensis and chronicler was nothing more and nothing else than Saint Luke Apostle, who happens to be the Saint Patron of Painters till today? Has my reader ever thought that Nietzsche's companions were an Eagle and a Serpent? Thinkers and Poets of repute seek for these superb kinds of companionships, because Thinkers and Poets need to be challenged by Excellence endlessly. In order to feel secured and unmatched by anyone, Shakespeare's Hamlet surrounded himself by mentally feeble Ophelia, and Horatio, just a good vigilant. Does Shakespeare's Danish prince address us with a new Cosmogony? Does Shakespeare's Danish prince furnish us with a new approaching to Death? Does Shakespeare's Danish prince advance us a new notion of God? Does Shakespeare's Danish prince provide us some novelties in matter of Aesthetics? The list of questions is embarrassingly endless. Shakespeare's Hamlet is concerned with lechery, incest, and adultery, the old and legendary values of the Viking style of life, to which Hamlet belongs. These are not exactly the topics one may expect from "a Prophet," as Carlyle extolled him in his slavishly Germanized charlatanism entitled *Heroes*. The literary enterprise of aggrandizing Shakespeare must be mainly endorsed to Goethe and Hugo. Il signore Wolfgang is absolutely blinded by Hamlet's social status, as if being "a prince" were in itself a literary-artistic merit or any other sort of achievement. Monsieur Victor wrote almost five hundred pages of rhetoric to convince us that between Job and Hamlet there is not the slightest difference of character. Antonio Machado, totally out of his mind, says that Unamuno is "the Spanish Hamlet." In addition to all these "brilliant, eminent judgments" on

Shakespeare's inane Hamlet, today we have to coexist and even deal with numberless of mentally unemployed academicians, slave-minded all of them, who, as a deaf choir, render a pathetic homage to an unnoticed Danish prince invented by Saxon Grammaticus once upon a dark time. Again and again, begetting crucial parsonages takes perforce *an imperial soul* Shakespeare lacks. From the Euphrates and the Tigris comes to us the Babylonian Genesis Enuma Eliš, a cosmogony in which we humans are made from the blood of an assassinated god. Having been thus created by Babylonian god Marduk the Almighty, it is an Eternal Tragedy of Mankind, worthier than any cogitation about incest or kingly intrigues.

Please, take my reader this little piece of advice: Go and see what Shaftesbury, Voltaire, Byron, Tolstoy, Wittgstein, or Shaw penned on Shakespeare. Given the fact that I am an extremely generous person and very kind in nature, I shall facilitate the task to my reader by attaching to this note a Delacroix's oil painting on the matter we are dealing with. Clearly, this Frenchman was not just a painter; he really demonstrated his talents as a reader also. His Hamlet is a public exhibition of his keen, bold, lighting intellect. His painting in question states the most truthful features of the Shakespearean Hamlet: Idleness, absent mindedness, spiritless countenance, motionless, expressionless body & Co... What else may my reader expect from the French painter? Well, considering the source of his inspiration – Shakespeare's numbness — the Frenchman did it quite faithfully. What is more, Delacroix must be appointed as the Official Interpreter of Shakespeare from now on, an Interpretative Standard second to none. What a pity! Choosing for one's inspirations soup-operas from Middle Ages!

Humbly,

Your mean, base, useless servant

il signore Pecorelli, tuttologo e pittore molto rumoroso